

56. B. —

Bright

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J. O. Halliwell.

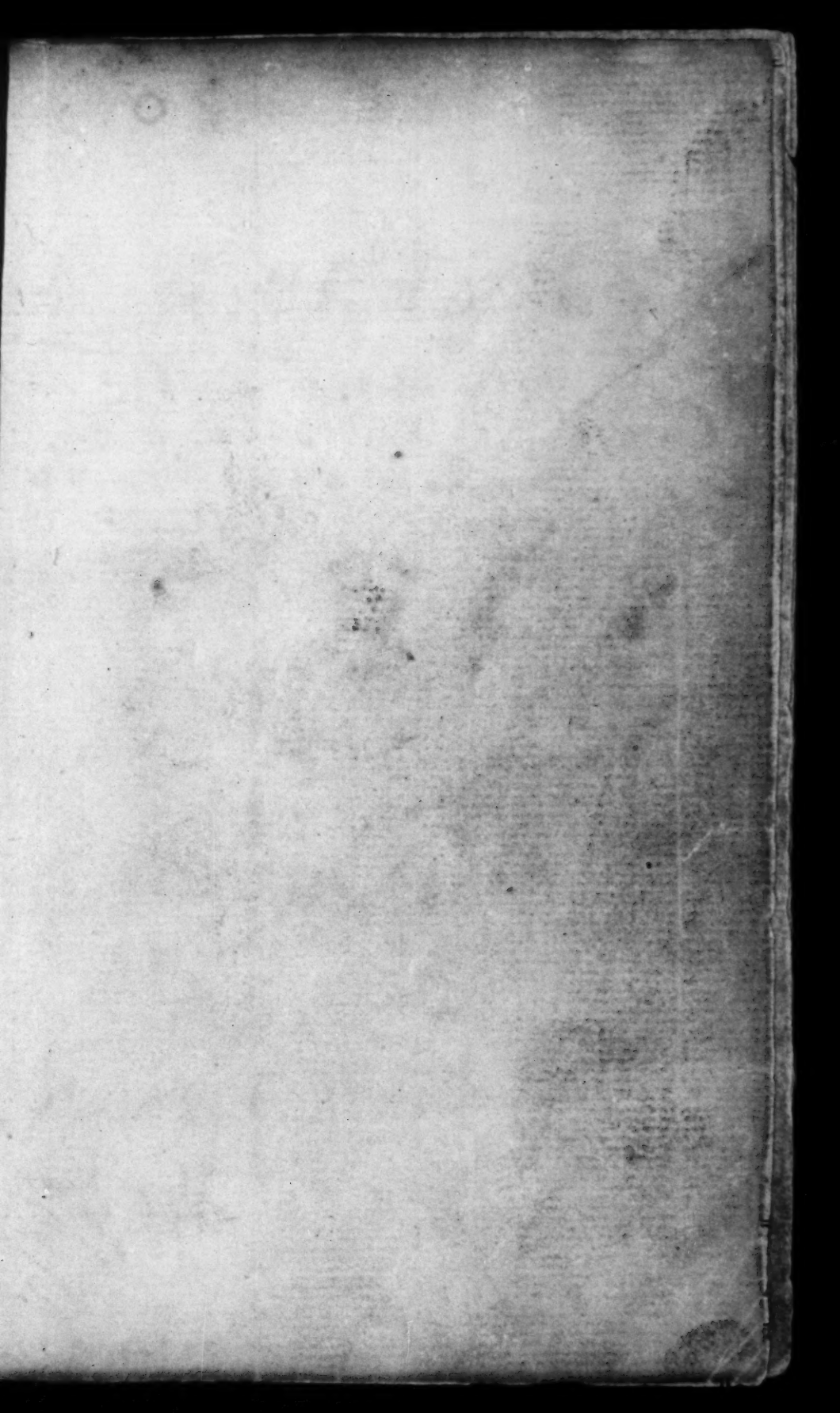
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JOHN BULL

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LXXXII OLD
BALLADS

COLLECTED

BY

JOHN BELL,

NEWCASTLE.

PLATE 1

COLLECTED



JOHN BELL

NEWCASTLE

The Amazing
GARLAND;
Composed of two lamentable
NEW SONGS.

I. *London surpriz'd at the dreadful Tempests of Rain, Thunder, and Lightning, which happen'd the last Month at One, Two, and Three o'Clock in the Morning to the great Surprize of the Cities of London and Westminster, and several other Places in the Country.*

II. *The Christian's Preparation for the Day of Doom.*

To which is added,

A P O E M on the Torments of H E L L.



Licensed and Entered according to Order.

The Amazing G A B L A N D, - &c.

London surpriz'd at the dreadful Tempest of Rain, &c.

O Sinful *England* open thy drowsy Eyes,
And view thy dear Redeemer in the Skies,
With Signs and Tokens, signifying, he
Will not be long before he visits thee.

Our blessed God is like a Father dear.
He shakes his Rod, but loth to prove severe:
Hark! how he calls, come, come, poor Souls, says he,
Repent of thy Sins, and I will pardon thee,

Father of Mercy, sure thy Love is great,
To bear with sinful Mankind at this Rate,
Who crucified thy dear and only Son,
Mercy, sweet Jesus, let thy Mercy come.

But now to come more closer to the Matter,
That each poor Soul may understand the better,
The subject of this worthy Book I bring,
Then pray give Ear while these few Lines I sing.

On *Thursday* morning the last Month, we hear,
Over *London* that renowned City fair,
Our blessed God did such a Tempest send,
The like was never seen in *England*.

About the Hour of One, as it is said,
The Sky in many places open'd wide,
While Streams of Sulphurous Fire did descend,
And lighted in many Places of our Land.

By

By which many lost their poor dear Lives,
 Distressed Husbands, and their weeping Wives,
 Stood viewing of the Skies with Floods of Tears,
 Whilst to the Lord they sent up hearty Prayers,

There might you hear both Young and Old in Cries,
 While Flames of Sulphur flashed from the Skies;
 There might you hear God's Thunder-bolt to rattle,
 With flashing Flames like Cannons in a Battle.

There might you see the frightful Floods of Rain,
 Which came faster down than Passage could contain,
 Which drowned Cellars, likewise Houses too.
 By these we see what Christ above can do.

There were some burnt and scorched up by Flames,
 And others by it were struck Blind and Lame;
 A dreadful Sight, as ever yet was seen,
 God grant we never may see the like again.

At Midnight in all Streets of *London* City,
 Poor Women with their Infants small and pretty,
 In sad Confusion from Place to Place they run,
 Crying, Mercy Lord, O Christ, the World is done.

Soldiers and Watch were frightened from their Posts,
 Near two o'Clock, when it thund'ed most:
 Such cries in *London* City never yet was heard,
 Hard was the Heart which was not then afraid.

Near *London* on the Road a Man was found,
 His Neck was broke, and lying on the Ground;
 And many others burnt as black as Coals,
 The Lord have Mercy on their poor Souls,

A young Man who did near *White-chapel* live,
 From sundry People this Account we have,
 That by one single Flash, alas! we find,
 His precious Life that Minute did resign.

Both

Both Sheep and Cattle dead were found,
 And many Hundreds lying on the Ground;
 And many a poor dear Soul that Night was drown'd,
 No doubt through Christ they have Mercy found.

Upon that Day, by News we understand,
 Many Tempests happen'd in our Land;
 That Day in which Hall-stones were found,
 When measured, was full seven Inches round.

There were some flat like Ice, and others round,
 And some like Glass they broke upon the Ground;
 Windows were broken by their mighty Force,
 The Lord of Glory said we have no worse.

In *Cirencester* in *Wiltshire*, two Women and a Lad,
 And many more were in the Streets found dead;
 A dreadful Sight for Christians to behold,
 Which made the very Hearts of Heathens cold.

Near *Newark Town*, within *Nottinghamshire*,
 An aged Man by Lightning was burnt there;
 Upon the Road poor Creature he was found,
 Bereaved of Life, and lying on the Ground.

From off the Church in famous *Lichfield Town*,
 Some mighty Stones by Thunder were thrown down,
 With wringing Hands, poor Souls did weep and cry,
 Lord help us, for the Judgment-day is nigh.

Likewise at *Boston* God's Handy-works were seen,
 The Lightning in such Sort from Heaven came;
 In this our Land such Wonders ne'er was seen,
 Lord grant we ne'er may hear the like again.

Then flashing Flames so fierce from Heaven was sent
 Quite down the Steeple into Church it went,
 Melting the very Wires of the Chimes,
 What can we say to those surprizing Signs.

Near

Near the Town of Harcourt three men were slain
By sulphurous Flames which from the Heavens came;
An aged Woman see her Husband fall;
Yet through God's Mercy had no Harm at all.

Sweet Jesus, save us for thy Mercy's Sake,
And of our sinful Souls some Pity take;
O give us Time, sweet Christ, to call on thee,
And when thou com'st we may prepared be.

The Christian's Preparation for the Day of Doom.

LET Christian People all, without Delay,
Think of the Words as Christ was pleas'd to say,
Concerning of the dreadful Day of Doom,
When Christ to judge the Quick and Dead shall come.

The Lord has said within the latter Days,
That Wars within all Nations should arise,
With Pestilence and Earthquakes, and such as those,
Will be the first Beginning of our Woes.

Angels of Heaven do not know that Day,
Thus none can tell how near the Time may be;
Perhaps there may not be an Hour past,
Before the Trumpet sounds the fatal Blast.

The first of all a dreadful Noise shall come,
The Skies shall split, the Clouds in Heaps shall run;
The Earth shall tremble, the Rocks shall fall aside,
The Sea shall roar, the Graves shall open wide.

The two Archangels they shall blast the Sound,
The Dead shall rise that now lie under Ground;
They in a Fright shall from their Graves arise,
With trembling Joints, and also weeping Eyes.

Upon

Upon a Rainbow, in the lofty Air,
The Lord in Power and Glory shall appear,
With his twelve Apostles, six on either Side,
Whereby the Tribes of *Israel* must be try'd.

When Jesus Christ is pleased to give the Word,
The World in two Flocks shall draw near the Lord
The Righteous on Christ's Right Hand shall stand,
The Wicked trembling on the other Hand.

Those that serv'd the Lord while they were young,
And have the blessed Will of Jesus done,
Shall receive a Crown of Glory for their Love,
And live for ever with the Lord above.

But as for such as did neglect God's Grace,
And mock'd their dear Redeemer to his Face;
To them the Lord in Wrath shall turn and say,
"Depart ye Cursed, from my Sight away."

As soon as Christ that angry Word shall say,
The Devil in great Rage shall drive away
The wretched Souls, in Hell's hot Flames to burn,
And never, never, never to return.

No Tongue can tell their endless Misery,
Always a dying, yet shall never die;
No Glance of Light, no Hopes of Joy again,
But must in Torments evermore remain.

That Word of EVER! O that woful Word,
Deliver me from Torments, blessed Lord;
O let us beg both Night and Day for Grace,
That the Lord may save us from that dreadful Place

Come let us fall upon our bended Knee,
O let us strive God's Anger to appease;
Like pious Christians let us watch and pray,
To prepare ourselves against that dreadful Day.

Dea M

Dear Jesus, grant us Grace, that with all Speed,
 We may repent, for we never had more Need;
 Let us call to Christ, our blessed King of Kings,
 From whom the Fountain of all Mercy Springs.

If we repent, the Lord will us forgive,
 And prosper us the Time we have to live;
 And when we die, the Lord will us receive,
 And to each one a Crown of Glory give.

Of the Torments of Hell.

A Bhor thy Sin, and quake to hear, (fear;
 Those Plagues which make the Devils roar
 Burning in Brimstone thou must lie,
 And in Hell Fire for ever fry.

cursing the Hour that thou wast born
 Weeping, wailing, all forlorn;
 Dreadfully roaring Devils among,
 No Water drops to cool thy Tongue.

Endless shall be thy Pain and Grief,
 And ceaseless wanting all Relief;
 Fought with Fiends, and furious Foes,
 Which will increase thy deadly Woes.

gnashing thy Teeth in dreadful Sort,
 Void of all Hope and least Comfort;
 Horror, Terror, ugly blackness,
 Yelling, Howling, utter Darkness,

there prepared, where thou shalt say,
 Oh! woful, doleful, dismal Day;
 Kings young and old, not fearing God,
 Must there be plagued with devillish Rod.

Lamenting

Lamenting sore the Want of Grace,
Which brought them to that hellish Place;
Much at their Madness they admire,
They serv'd the Devil, their damned Sire.

Now thousand Worlds they fain would give,
That they no longer there might live:
Oh! what a cursed Fool was I?
Thus will a damned Sinner cry.

Pursuing still mine own Desire,
And now lie broiling in this Fire;
Quite out of Hope, since to depart,
For this Word *Never* kills my Heart.

Roaring out in endless Pain,
I damned cry, but all in vain;
Sorrowing that I lost the Favour
Of Christ, who would have been my Saviour.

This also doth me sore affright,
That I have lost God's blessed Sight;
Vexed at Heart I am to see,
The Saints in Glory crowned be.

Worm of Conscience knawing still,
Because my Lusts I did fulfil;
Yet reap I nought but dire Damnation,
Hot scalding Vengeance, Hell's Vexation.

Zealous I wish now I had been,
And had abhorred all my Sin.